HIE YOURSELF DOWN TO THE CARNIVAL TODAY

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. 6 • NO. 20 | CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MAY 14, 1937 | 5 CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

WE SAY THIS—OF LYNDA SARGENT

It is not often, it is in fact, oh so pitifully rare, that an editor, an editor of a newspaper, especially an editor of a weekly newspaper, lays down before him and his pencil sheets of copy that awe him as he reads.

In more than 30 years of newspaper work, better than a quarter of them in that position with a pencil suspended, it has never been our personal experience so to be awed as we have been since some time last January when the first piece of copy from Lynda Sargent lay before us on the desk.

The pencil did not descend on that copy. It has yet to descend on copy from the same hand. We feel much more than ordinarily safe in saying, it shall never so descend.

If THE CYMBAL can lay no other claim to everlasting life in the annals of Carmel, it can credit itself with having given this village from week to week Lynda Sargent's "Clanging Cymbals," a column which ranks far higher in the realm of literature than any contribution ever heretofore made to a weekly newspaper in this city, or, for that matter, in any other city within our present range of thought.

We have been tempted to say something of this sort for some time—Lynda's column in this issue compels us to it.

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WHAT ABOUT THIS NEW "BANISHING" IDEA OF JUDGE GEORGE ROSS?

We don't know how far one may go with safety in contempt of a police court, but we are moved, without much consideration of the consequences, to question both the wisdom and the legal right of Judge George Ross to "banish" people from Carmel as he has done on occasions lately.

We are particularly surprised at his verdict in the matter of a certain lady (and we use the word advisedly) only last week, who had the misfortune to hit another automobile with hers after, as she admitted, she had been drinking not wisely, but too well. Her license was taken from her, her automobile impounded, and it was definitely understood that she could not drive again—or, that she could not drive for an indefinitely long period. But on top of this punishment, perfectly justified, Judge Ross heaped several other mental and material chastisements. He upbraided her pitilessly in open court, he fined her $100 and he sentenced her to 30 days in jail, the sentence to be suspended providing she left Carmel within five days and remained away for a year.

We don't know whether Judge Ross was mad about something else the morning this lady faced him, or whether the evidence as presented by the police department was so embellished as to make the defendant a public enemy unfit to remain in our midst. But we do feel that the sentence was extremely severe, much more severe than the circumstances warranted, and much too

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BUSINESS GROUP MEETS TONIGHT TO TALK OF A NUMBER OF THINGS

Business men meet tonight.

The Carmel association meets this evening at Pine Inn.

There will be a lot of things they will discuss (By the way, we were hopped on by a Boy Scout leader who said we were all wet about the Business Association staging the beach-cleaning by the Cubs a week ago. All right—we're sorry), but the Business Association will this evening discuss the matter of asking the city council to provide some sort of rubbish receptacles at inconspicuous places on the beach, and generally to do something about keeping it reasonably clean.

Then a report will be made on the association's efforts to get parcels post delivery in the business section.

Some folks seem to think that the itinerant peddlers' license in Carmel is too low and the association will look into that.

Fred Bechdolt will speak about "summer" merchants in the town, and the matter of adopting a five-minute parking rule directly in front of the post office, instead of "no parking" as at present, will come up.

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Legion Auxiliary Head To Be Here On May 22

Mrs. Ruth Mathemat, state president of the American Legion Auxiliary, will be in Carmel next Tuesday, May 18, and on that evening will speak at the Legion clubhouse. Mrs. M. J. Peterson, who extended to us a special invitation to hear Mrs. Mathemat, says that she is an inspirational speaker and that it would be well worth our while. The local auxiliary will serve coffee and sandwiches after Mrs. Mathemat's talk.

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NANCY COCKE WILL WED CARL VON SALTZA

Well—Nancy, we might have known!

Her mother, Mrs. John Cocke, wife of the colonel, announces that Nancy will wed Carl von Saltza in July.

Carl is the son of Mrs. Lindsay Kelley Gentry of Carmel and Philip Wenceslaus von Saltza of Castine, Maine.

The couple will go to Maine after the wedding and spend three months there while Nancy's new husband finishes his art course in Ogunquit. Then, they will return to Carmel to make their home here—which is something to look forward to.

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Nancy Gross has returned from the desert and is staying with her mother, Mrs. Ray Nell Gross, at La Playa Hotel. We think we are right in saying that this will be a brief visit and that Nancy will leave shortly for the continent.

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ! THE BIG SHOW IS ON THIS AFTERNOON AT SUNSET SCHOOL GROUNDS

"Hurry, hurry, hurry! Step right up, lay-dees and gentlemen! The big show is ready to begin! Buy your tickets right over there at the ticket booth and see the greatest attractions ever gathered together in one spot . . . all for your entertainment, education, and gratification! How many, please?" will call barkers, Milt Latham, Corum Jackson, W. K. Bassett, Hal Bragg and Winsor Josselyn at the Sunset School Parent-teacher Carnival this afternoon.

Beginning with a parade, led by our handsome police chief, Bob Norton, and escorted by Carl Moll and the Boy Scouts and Robert Leidig and a fire truck, the carnival will be the center of attraction for Carmel this afternoon from 1 to 6 o'clock in the grounds of Sunset School.

At 2 o'clock the high school band will play some music from the terrace to whip up the pleasure-seeking appetites of those who are picked up by the parade as it winds through town. Then the show will be on, and there will be fun and excitement and plenty to eat and a good time for everyone at a nickel-a-throw for all concessions. Go on, go home and dig up that dime bank. Don't you know that hoarding has put this country where it is today?

A 16-piece orchestra from Hotel Del Monte to play for the jitney dancing on the stage of the auditorium from 4 to 6 will be one of the big attractions of the gathering. A nickel a dance doesn't come anywhere near the cover charge at the Hotel and think, you can step right outside and get a cup of coffee at the booth Mrs. C. F. Haskell is running, or go up to Mrs. D. A. Pelton or Mrs. M. McAuley for some candy, or Mrs. Robert Stanton for some ice cream. And if you want something for your dinner tonight see Mrs. Frances Farley at the food booth.

Flowers for milady? See Mrs. John H. Neikirk, and for some good bargains in books and that magazine you forgot to buy when it was on the stands, ask Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff. Mrs. Myrtle Stoddard has charge of the Fish Pond if you incline toward games of chance. And if you see some kids whispering in the corner it's because they have just had their fortunes told by Lynda Sargent, billed as Miss See-the Future.

A Variety Show will be run off during the afternoon in the Audi-

(Continued on Page Ten)

2-YEAR CYMBAL SUBSCRIPTION FOR FIRST CORRECT ANSWER RECEIVED TO MACBETH'S BROW-WRINKLER

Malcolm Macbeth bolted back into town from Hollywood last weekend with a sheet of yellow paper clasped tightly in his hand. He has been confounding, or seeking to confound the entire populace of the village with it ever since his return.

In case you should be one of the few who have not met up with Macbeth and his sheet of yellow paper, THE CYMBAL herewith publishes what is contained, in typewritten lines, on that paper.

It is this:

An executive needed a man to fill an important position. Having three young men equally qualified he gave this final test for selection:

Placing them so that each could see the faces of the other two, he blindfolded them and then said: "I have here a can of green paint and a can of red paint. I will now paint either a red cross or a green cross on each of your foreheads." However, he painted a red cross, only, on each forehead.

On removing the blindfolds he said: "All those who see a red cross raise their right hands." All three right hands went up.

"Now," he said, "The first man to tell me the color of the cross painted on his own forehead gets the position."

After a moment one of the men said: "My cross is red."

Query: How did he know his cross was red?

Now, according to Malcolm, that has had Hollywood agog. He says that a film executive, after puzzling over it with others at a party, went home distraught, but still with his shattered mind on the thing. Finally, after four days, he suddenly got it while at his office. He excitedly telephoned the answer home to his wife.

But don't get the idea that it is plain on the face of it. It isn't.

The man who won the job used pure deductive logic.

There are no tricks involved.

The two cans of paint were removed from the room before the blindfolds were taken off the three men. So were the brushes, or brush.

The men were not sitting close enough together to see any reflections in each other's eyes. None of them wore glasses to help a reflection.

The whole thing sounds silly—that is, for an executive to put the selection of a man for a big job to such a test. But it isn't as silly as you might suppose on first thought. The executive wanted a man who thought fast. And he got him.

Can you get the answer through the same deductive logic the successful applicant used?

We'll give a two-years' subscription to THE CYMBAL for the first answer that reaches us—by mail. We know the answer.

WERMUTH MAY SUE CARMEL FOR ADAMS' "UNSAFE" CHARGE

Fred Wermuth is hot in the collar about the report to a city council member last week by Birney W. Adams, in which the city building inspector questioned the safety of the Wermuth building on Ocean avenue, since the remodelling work which substituted piers for the central partition which was removed.

In fact, Wermuth is just sitting in his arm chair outside his office on Sixth street with a gun loaded with a damage suit. The only reason why he hasn't fired the thing is because his attorney has suggested, mildly, as attorneys do, that he wait until the least little bit of damage results from Adams' suspicion of his building.

"If tenants raise a holler, or somebody moves a piece of furniture out of your second-floor warehouse because of these statements of the city inspector, then you can shoot and I'll help you aim the gun," says Wermuth's attorney in effect.

So Wermuth has the gun loaded, but he is waiting. In the meantime he says things. He says:

"This building is safe and two engineers who know what they are talking about say it is safe—perfectly safe. I think the city of Carmel better hire as city inspector an engineer, or an architect, or even a thoroughbred carpenter."

We stuck at that "thoroughbred," but we can see what Fred means.

He also went on to tell us just how big, how strong and containing what, are those columns which support the upper story and, as to the crack Adams sees on the outside, he says it's a surface crack, according to the engineers who inspected the structure; that it doesn't amount to a thing and, anyway—something that Adams overlooked—the building is in reality two buildings, one built some little time after the other.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The guaranteed net paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *last week (issue of May, 7, 1937) was as follows:*

CARMEL DISTRICT

Paid Subscribers	364
Newsstand and Street Sales	131
Total, Carmel District	495

OUTSIDE CARMEL DISTRICT

Paid Subscribers	132
Total, Paid Circulation	627
Gain over previous week	6

(The total paid circulation of THE CYMBAL *in the Carmel District—Carmel, Carmel Highlands, and Pebble Beach—is far in excess of that of any other Carmel newspaper.)*

much a manifestation of an extremely severe attitude Judge Ross has been maintaining and accentuating lately as he sits in judgment on the frailties of mankind.

The defendant in this case had, up to a few weeks previous to the unfortunate circumstance, been a resident of Carmel. She had, it is to be admitted, on one or two occasions caused the police some annoyance and, perhaps, menaced public safety through erratic operation of her automobile. But Judge Ross saw to it that she no longer was to have her automobile, or to drive it. He saw to it that she should pay for the damage she did to another automobile. He saw to it that she was to suffer the additional loss of $100.

It does not seem to us that it was necessary to hold her up to shame and disgrace before an open court room. It does not seem to us that it was necessary to banish her from our city where, generally, she had been a law-abiding and, as many tell us, a most desirable resident as far as her charity, her kindnesses and her personal attraction.

Only a short time before this decision, Judge Ross saw fit to "banish" two defendants who appeared before him on charges of drunkenness. Both had been residents of Carmel for some time. One was regularly employed here. It was only after an appeal by his employer that the sentence was modified and the man permitted to go back to work he probably would have found difficulty in obtaining elsewhere.

We believe that Judge Ross could contribute more to the welfare of Carmel, and especially to the reputation of Carmel, if he tempered his justice with a little more mercy.

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BIRNEY ADAMS THROWS THE CYMBAL IN TRASH BARREL

Birney W. Adams, city inspector, doesn't like us. We can well appreciate his justification. We do, however, quarrel with his method of manifesting it. He throws his CYMBAL in the trash barrel at the post office.

We believe that is a silly thing to do, because there are a lot of things in THE CYMBAL that are interesting. We saw Birney throw last week's CYMBAL in the post office trash barrel, and we know there were a lot of things in that issue to interest him and, yes, inform him. In fact, by casting THE CYMBAL away from him before he has read it, he isn't going to know much of what goes on in this village. He is, in fact, slicing off his nose to spite his face and that certainly has been a silly thing to do for many eons before our mother so informed us in our silliest of days.

But Birney Adams does silly things—and dangerous ones. For instance, it was both a silly and dangerous thing for him to express himself in a letter to a member of the city council (a letter that his common sense should have told him would be brought up openly in the council) to the effect that in his belief a certain building now being remodelled in town is unsafe. It was silly because he admitted that not being an engineer he really didn't know anything about it, and dangerous because his opinions, coming from a city official, tended to injure the owner of the property and his prospective tenants. It is only by the grace of God that the city of Carmel is saved from a damage suit by reason of this action of Adams.

But the reason for his casting THE CYMBAL into the trash barrel at the post office was something else. He told us on the sidewalk outside last Friday, after we had seen him repudiate our child, and had called to him that if he didn't want the darned thing we wouldn't send it to him. (We have since returned to him the 50 cents refund due him on his subscription.)

Birney's argument in defense of his casting us away was that he didn't want to read a newspaper that "crucified a man with falsehoods."

He referred to our article a couple of weeks ago on the mess he and Councilman Bernard Rowntree had made of the new fire house.

We skipped the crucifixion, but we hung onto the falsehood charge. We objected to that. We went down the list of our charges in the fire house item. One by one we took them and one by one Birney answered. But his answers were excuses, not denials with proof.

He admitted that the building should have been finished by skilled carpenters, but where, he asked, were they to get them? Skilled workmen were impossible to find.

He admitted the plastering of the walls downstairs after the finished floor had been laid, thereby irreparably staining the floor, but he said something about trouble with the plasterers.

He admitted that the fire doors, to be hung properly so that they would open properly, had required days and days of labor, but he said that doors and hardware provided by expert fire-door men and hung by them would have cost too much money.

He admitted that the sidewalk had been laid at the wrong grade but said that Rowntree had not fixed the grade.

He said he didn't know of instances where the hardware on the doors upstairs had been improperly installed.

Our answer to his first excuse about not being able to find skilled labor to finish the building was that private construction found skilled labor and there was no reason why a municipality, erecting a public building, couldn't. We submitted that when Tom Work builds his new Bank of Carmel somehow he'll find skilled workmen.

As to the plastering we submitted that any good plasterer would have known better, or should have been told better than to splatter plaster all over a finished floor. He might have been told to spread canvas on it for its protection.

As to the doors we may not have said, but we say now, that no matter what it may cost, fire doors should be hung properly and should be sure to open properly. And we also believe, from the statements of those who know, that the extra amount of labor required to hang those doors would about eat up the difference in cost between their work and the charge of experts.

As to the sidewalk grade, we admit that we shouldn't have said Rowntree "decided" on the grade. He didn't, but he stuck to it that the grade he had was right when he was told, and shown, as he was laying the sidewalk, that it was wrong. What he did do, was "decide" the grade was right in the face of proof otherwise.

As for the improper, actually outrageous installation of hardware, we repeated to Birney Adams that, given a chisel, some screws and a screw driver our ten-year-old boy could have done a better job. We were in the company of a carpenter when we looked at a couple of those doors upstairs in the new fire house. When he saw them he paled.

At the outset of our convereation Adams charged us with "destructive criticism." We're getting mighty tired of that phrase, almost as tired of it as we are of "constructive criticism." The first is the only kind of criticism that is worth a damn, and the second doesn't exist. You can't supplant one structure with another until you tear the first one down. And the best wreckers are the worst builders. It doesn't follow that if a man knows what's wrong with something he knows how to fix it. Can't you hear a plumber in a telephone conversation with a woman in distress:

She says: "The water connection you put in this morning leaks, and the boiler doesn't heat up enough for a bath."

Replies the plumber: "Madam, that is destructive criticism, and you're no lady."

Besides, a charge of "destructive criticism" comes swell from the bird who made the crack about the "unsafe building."

—W. K. B.

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School Election Here June 4

As far as can be learned to date, Mrs. Doris Watson will be the sole candidate for the vacancy on the Sunset School District board of trustees at the election June 4 to fill the vacancy occasioned by the retirement of Mrs. Helen Levinson. Prospective candidates for the position may file not later than May 20, but it is not expected that there will be an opposing candidate. The hold-over members of the board are Adolph G. E. Hanke and Frank L. Shea.

At the same time there will be an election for one trustee for the board of the Monterey High School district. The polling place will be at the same place as the Sunset election—in Sunset School, Carmel. The election officers are W. L. Overstreet, Mrs. D. A. Pelton and Mrs. O. A. Holm.

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ARISS-GAY MURAL READY FOR PACIFIC GROVE HIGH SCHOOL WALL

The 60-foot mural which Bruce Ariss and August Gay of the Carmel Federal Art Project have been working on for many months is now completed and ready for installation at the Pacific Grove High School. Burton Boundey, supervisor of the local project, assisted the artists in removing the large canvas from the Monterey Union High School where it was painted. Boundey hopes to be able to install the panel, which is one of three for the Pacific Grove school, in the near future, and is only waiting for technical assistance from San Francisco.

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Patricia Ann Belvail, who lives in Carmel, weighed only seven-and-a-half pounds last Saturday. No, she isn't a midget. She just arrived—last Saturday at the Peninsula Community Hospital. The young lady's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Belvail of Carmel. Grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. William M. Golden of Pacific Grove and Mr. and Mrs. J. Belvail of Carmel.

GEORGE • E
CHANEY
is still representative of
ELECTROLUX
CLEANER
in the Carmel District
Service and Demonstration
TELEPHONE 68 OR 41

Success of Pico Blanco Trip Depends On Whether Allen Fished or Didn't

Dr. D. T. MacDougal, James Fitzgerald, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen Griffin made what, as far as we know, or can find out, was a successful trip to Pico Blanco and back last week-end.

We plead uncertainty in the matter following perusal of Allen Griffin's column in Monday's *Peninsula Herald* in which he lets it be known to the world at large that he discovered, on arrival at the luscious trout stream on the mountain, that he had left his fishing permit at home. What he did under the circumstances he won't admit. He gives you about seven guesses. We don't know whether he fished, sans permit and sans, too, any possible appearance of a game warden, but we do know what he should have done. He should have fished. He should have remembered that God gave him Pico Blanco, the mountain stream and the fish. The permit he didn't have is a mere man's creation. Besides, even if God takes cognizance of man-made laws, Allen should have remembered that God was looking down, not only on Allen without his permit, but with his boots, his pole, his line and his reel, and also down through the roof of his house in Pebble Beach, through the top of the desk in the study, and into the right-hand drawer where reposed the permit, properly signed and sealed. If Allen wants our answer to his editorial quiz, we say he fished, or he isn't the man we have always thought he was. But not knowing, we say the trip was successful, as far as we can find out.

Victor Graham Heads Church Conference

Victor Graham was last Monday evening elected president of the annual Church Conference of the Community Church at a "pot-luck" table meeting in the church. Henry Bauernschmidt is the new vice-president; Edna Lockwood, secretary, and Esther Smith, treasurer. The trustees elected are Courtland Arne, Miles Bain, Josephine Culbertson, Esther Smith and Victor Graham.

Graham was also elected delegate to the Northern California Annual Conference in June.

Dr. John L. Burcham, district superintendent of the Methodist church, was a visitor at the conference. He will remain here and occupy the pulpit during the two-weeks' vacation in June of the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr.

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TILLY POLAK WILL SAIL FOR HOME MAY 22

Anne Nash has received word from Tilly Polak that the latter will be sailing for home on May 22. Tilly hopes to be able to see the opening of the Paris Exposition before her return. She has been visiting her native Holland but has also gone to Paris, Marseilles, and Brittany. We can expect to see her smiling face in the shop some time near the first week in June. She will come home by way of New York.

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Sierra Clubbers To Walk Trail To Ventana

Dr. D. T. MacDougal will do some trail-blazing this week-end for the Sierra Club. He will have as his companion, Frank Duveneck of the club, who will travel with our doctor high up on the Ventana Peaks, over a mountain trail, newly-made, to the fire look-out recently established there.

Duveneck goes in his official position as trail-blazer for the Sierra club, preparatory to a walk which 20 members of the club will take on May 29 and 30.

Dr. MacDougal and Duveneck will start on horseback from Hoffman's Camp and climb 4,000 feet to Big Pines. There they will camp and the next day will go over the new trail to the fire look-out. This part of the trek is new, both to Dr. MacDougal and Duveneck, but some members of the Sierra club must have tested a trail before the club members "walk" it. It will take four hours each way from the Big Pines camp.

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HOMER LEVINSON GOING TO SCOUT JAMBOREE

Mrs. Helen Levinson rang us up the other day. Homer, she said, was going to the Scout Jamboree in Washington, D.C. She said it was only decided at the last minute, just inside the time limit for reservations—but Homer is going—along with Jack Pelton and Jack Coates, from Carmel. Homer, of course, is thrilled and Helen, too, sounded thrilled, over the telephone. The Jamboree is from June 30 to July 9.

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JOHN DICKINSONS HAVE BEEN AND GONE AND GOT BACK

Now the Dickinsons have been and gone and got back again. The John M. Dickinsons, you remember, who have a quiet habit of packing up the Buick and a bed-blanket and getting astride the thermos bottle for a ride. This time to Bakersfield and then Boulder Dam—about which Mr. John will wax lyrical at the drop of a poke bonnet—and then for a whirl at the night life in San Diego. Almost they persuade us to drop our pennies in the American Can against that day.

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The Pacific Grove Girl Scouts are going to be selling cookies Saturday morning to put themselves through Camp. At 206 Forest Ave. How many hungry kids do you feed? We are only a lone widdy woman, but we feed six. Sometime along in the morning the pine trees begin to ring with "Miss-ss-iz S-s-simpp-sson, ha' you got cookies?" And the gang is with us. So we, naturally, think a cookie sale an elegant notion indeed.

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Jacqueline Flanders, niece of the Paula, is staying at the Flanders place, Outland, with her mother, Mrs. Emeline Flanders, preparatory to her wedding to Lieut. William Culp, of Fort Riley, Kansas, at the Stanford Chapel.

It Looks As If Del Monte Horses Will Make It Difficult For Us

Bill Kyne, who runs Bay Meadows (possibly at a profit), is all ga-ga about the plan of the Monterey County Racing Association to start horsies racing around the Del Monte track on May 31 for a five-day session, skipping Wednesday, June 2.

Bill Bay Meadows Kyne thinks the Del Monte race meet will prove an aid to racing in California and a direct benefit to horse-breeders of the state. Perhaps he is right, but it is in our mind that it is bound to prove either a direct aid or a direct loss to us. We probably will be there, however, with a couple o' dollars, or a couple o' couple o' dollars, much as we disapprove, on moral grounds, of racing. We think the horses ought to get some of the winnings—of our losings, we mean.

Over at Del Monte they are telling you that if this first meet proves as successful as they say Kyne says he thinks it will, they will inaugurate regular spring and fall meetings. And that's going to be tough—and delightful.

Anyway, the first meeting begins Monday, May 31—and don't crowd. That is, you'll have to crowd if you want to make good the prophecies of the Del Monte press agent.

Libby Ley Tells How Phil Nesbitt Got Pinched in San Francisco

This is THE CYMBAL's exclusive story of the Nesbitt brush with the police, a "scoop," or call it what you will.

Phil and I had just gotten to San Francisco and Phil parked the car in a loading zone on Fourth street, whilst he went up to the WPA Art Project for the purpose of gently directing some of the public funds his way.

I was supposed to sit in the car, but suddenly remembered some friends I should phone and left the car and went to a very greasy little Kosher restaurant to do so.

In the meantime along came the law embodied by a very truculent Irish cop who proceeded to lie in wait for his prey which presently appeared in the form of the unsuspecting Phil.

"Where's your driver's license?" bellowed the law.

"Right here," says the ever intrepid Phil.

"Where do you live?" says the law, "and I'll speak as I bloody well please."

"I live in Carmel," replies Phil in gently modulated tones (a futile gesture to set an example).

"And for how long have you lived in Carmel?" says the law raising its voice to a stentorian blast and looking as wily as nature would allow.

"For many, many years," replies our courageous protagonist.

"Then why does it say Berkeley on your license?" queries the law, brilliantly producing its trump card "and why in God's name is this thing not signed?"

"I'll thank you not to yell at me," responds Phil, and, "I have, as a matter of fact, lived all over the world," says he in gently dulcet tones, "and furthermore I should like enormously to go to the station with you and report you for insolence."

"And that we shall at once," said the law, and so we did.

The station failed to be at all impressed with Phil's idealistic opinion that cops should talk like something out of one of Noel Coward's more sophisticated society dramas and dispassionately informed Artist Nesbitt that he could either go to jail or fork over ten bucks bail.

Phil phoned Louis Conlan who knows a judge or something and we proceeded to wait at least an hour for that noble deliverer to put in his appearance during which time I squirmed and wriggled with impatience as I had a fast approaching engagement for dinner. Phil kept telling me to be patient and bear with him; how it was an ethical point he wanted to establish and what swell copy the story would make for THE CYMBAL.

So here it is, and I've had better stories, I think, in my day, and at less expense and discomfort.

Incidentally, Phil paid the $10 which is cheap after all for an ethical point, established or not.

—LIBBY LEY

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CELIA SEYMOUR PLANS FOR EASTERN JOURNEY

Celia Seymour, Carmel artist, who is best known for her portrait work, is leaving the village tomorrow morning early with Mrs. Louise Hasty to start a motor trip to New York and the Eastern states. Just to show you that this trip will be a real "See America First," their first stop will be at Yosemite and they plan to visit as many different cities and places of interest as they can and still travel in the general direction of the East Coast. Mrs. Hasty and Miss Seymour will be followed by another car, driven by Mrs. Ethel Hamilton Post and her daughter, Dorothy, of Washington, D.C. Mrs. Post and Dorothy have been house-guests of Miss Seymour at her home at Junipero and Twelfth.

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CHURCH AUXILIARY NAMES NEW OFFICERS

New officers for the Carmel Community Church Woman's Auxiliary were elected at a meeting Tuesday at the home of Miss Clara Hinds at Junipero and Seventh. Mrs. Everett Smith was elected president, Mrs. John M. Albee, secretary, and Mrs. R. J. Hart, treasurer. Ruth Hutchinson spoke at the meeting about her experiences in social work in the Kentucky mountains.

Penha Here For Bach Rehearsals Sunday, May 23

Michel Penha, conductor of the Third Annual Bach Festival here in July, will be in Carmel on Sunday, May 23, to rehearse the chorus in the afternoon and the orchestra in the evening.

The Denny-Watrous management announces that the advance notices for the Festival are off the press and are being sent broadcast throughout the country. They bear an unusually effective photograph of the Mission as a background to trombonists trumpeting the tidings of the Festival. Printing was done by the Carmel Press.

Reservations are coming in faster as the days go on and the hotels are beginning, as usual, to feel the effect of the forthcoming musical event.

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David Hagemeyer is playing first violin with a quartet at San Jose State. The group, which also includes Betty Anne Ward, second violin, Peter Gander, viola, and Jean Telfer, cello, played over the San Jose radio station, KQW, last week.

A candlelight service at St. John's Chapel at Del Monte on Sunday will commemorate National Hospital Day last Wednesday, May 12, the anniversary of the birth of Florence Nightingale. All hospitals were open Wednesday to the public and the formal observance of the anniversary on Sunday will also be open.

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

Vol. 6 No. 20

May 14, 1937

WHAT'S GOING ON IN

The Other Village

If you happen to be in San Francisco tomorrow afternoon you may safely drop in on the Betty Horst dance recital—3 o'clock at the little Golden Bough Playhouse on Sutter street. Mrs. Horst never fails to have something new and interesting to say through her students, and she invariably says it well. Part of tomorrow's program will be a pre-view of dances to be offered at the annual Mountain Play on Tamalpais.

+

The Mountain Play will occur this year on the afternoon of Sunday, May 23. The scene this time is laid in cloud-rimmed coconut-groved Hawaii, an effect that might possibly have been achieved at night. Personally we care little for al fresco shows in bright sunlight—but who are we to venture our opinion, we who can't abide olives, mushrooms or caviar? Doubtless the performance will be tops.

+

"Dead End," the hit-run play now in its second season in New York, is announced at the Curran Theatre for a limited engagement beginning May 18. Accordingly we revise our melancholy comment that the only play scheduled in the commercial theatres in the near future is Lunt and Fontanne's "Idiot's Delight." Our melancholy, however, remains intact. "Dead End" is an East Side gangster saga, stark, ugly, and tense. If it's the sort of play you like you will like it. Otherwise it might be better if you'd join us at night baseball in the Seals' Stadium out on 16th street.

+

If and when the well known hotel strike comes to an end don't miss Tonia de Aragon in the Rose Room of the Palace—a Spanish dancer of beauty and variety. Some time ago she gave a program in Carmel, but her performance is now infinitely improved.

+

If you have time between shoppings for a couple of good movies, and can't wait until they hit Monterey Peninsula, the following are recommended—"Lost Horizon" at the Geary (almost at the end of its long run) and "A Star Is Born" at the United Artists.

—ADOLF GENTHE

+ + +

Henry Hasty, known and particularly liked as Hap, is in the insurance business, laboring under the watchful eyes of By Ford et al at the Carmel Realty Company.

Such Brahms, and Such Strauss!

We would like to thank the patrons of the Isaac Stern-Henri Deering Sonata Recital and more especially, Margaret Lial, who brought the two to the Peninsula for one of the most enjoyable musical evenings we have listened to since we have been living here. Not only enjoyable, but exciting and nerve-tingling as fine music, finely interpreted and well presented, should be.

The delights of a small hall, an enthusiastic, but well mannered audience of sincere music lovers, the room to the side where five or six of us sat on couches or easy chairs with cigarettes to complete the feeling of physical relaxation and with mental and emotional facilities pitched to a high point of receptiveness, young Stern's mother, proud and happy, saying, "Such Brahm!" his father's sensitive fingers which seemed even in their quiet control to press each string and vibrate each note with his son in the next room, the lush painting of "Cacti" by Henrietta Shore which faced us . . . these things stand out in our memory of last Friday evening.

For the last sonata, the Strauss, we went into the main hall and watched the two artists make music. There was only one difference and that was that Deering's work stood out more. Perhaps it was because of the resonance of the violin, or because we were particularly interested in the youthful violinist, that the tones of his instrument seemed to be more important than the ensemble in the Beethoven and Brahms sonatas. For the Strauss composition they were of equal standing.

We thank you again, Margaret Lial. We hope that this is only the beginning of fine musical evenings in your studio. We wish we might have a recording of the Stern-Deering recital just as it was played last Friday evening. We would like to repeat that evening and not let it grow dull. —VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

+ + +

MARY McLAUGHLIN TO WED BRADFORD B. HUDSON

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bradford Hudson will be interested in the announcement of the forthcoming marriage of their son, Bradford Benedict Hudson, to Mary Elizabeth McLaughlin of Berkeley. Miss McLaughlin and her mother, Mrs. M. Morris McLaughlin, have often visited Carmel and have many friends here and in Pacific Grove, the home of the Hudsons.

The wedding has been set for May 29 and will be held in the garden of the McLaughlin home in Berkeley. Claire Hudson will be maid of honor and Boyd McLaughlin will be best man at the ceremony.

Miss McLaughlin is a graduate of Vassar and the University of California where she received her doctor's degree. She has held a position with the University Hospital for several years. Hudson, Stanford graduate, is working for his Ph.D. in psychology in Berkeley.

CARMEL CAPERS

On the day that this edition of THE CYMBAL appears, we have every expectation of being in San Francisco to attend the wedding of our sister, June Oppen, who, after having distressed her parents for some time by contemplating marriage with several titles, a movie actor and sundry exotic personalities, has finally decided to clinch the matter with Lee Rosener, a thoroughly attractive and acceptable young man, who has been not blushing, but unseen, in the house next door these many years.

June, who should be well known in Carmel, having turned the place inside out on diverse occasions, has evidently discovered that even long-neglected home pastures sprout an occasional burst of greenery every now and then.

+

It is rumored that the oft-exploited southern hospitality of one Malcolm E. Macbeth was strained almost to the breaking point when that scion returned to find that his house had been the scene of excessive festivity during the time he was visiting in Los Angeles. A party was so much in progress when he staged his homecoming that he chose to spend his first night in some more quiet environment although he was very graciously invited to remain and help celebrate.

+

Why is there such an irrefrangible tradition relative to the Mother's Day mother? Why is she invariably portrayed as a fragile, white-haired old lady, sitting peacefully by the fireside, awaiting slow disintegration and due annual homage?

There must be very many equally representative mothers who, not unlike us, just made it home from Saturday night's party in time to receive those touching little tributes to maternity on Sunday morning.

+

There is a very charming gentleman from Georgia in town who requested us please not to mention his name in print because he is here on business. Something to do with Coca-Cola, we divined.

He seems convinced that any publicity we might see fit to grant him would not be particularly beneficial to his commercial interests. Someone should tell him about those gallons of insidious coca-colas we consume nightly.

+

Don't think we are always complaining, but we can't help wishing they'd brought back the surgical instruments and gory displays from the medical convention to replace the members of the ladies auxiliary who met at Del Monte last week-end.

+

It is amazing and gratifying how the Mission Ranch Club has suddenly caught hold. It does our old heart good to see our little friends, who never before in our recollection have been known to wield anything more athletic than a highball glass, running all over the badminton court, and waving rackets wildly in the air.

+

Nancy Gross, having returned from Palm Springs, enhances the local scene by looking very lithe, lovely, and becomingly bronzed.

+

Just when we had begun to despair of anything interesting ever happening to provide a bit of stimulus for ourselves and our flagging column, in popped Phil Nesbitt. He was happy, as always, to be back in Carmel, enthused over the vast beauty of the country he had just traversed, and burgeoning with pride in his sensational artistic triumphs in eastern capitals.

—LIBBY LEY

+ + +

JESS WHYTE, INVENTOR OF HAPPY AND AIRPLANE STRUTS, VISITS US

Jessel Whyte, known to his friends socially and in business as Jess, and important to us as the father of Happy Whyte, was a guest at the Paul Flanders' home, Outland, the past week-end.

Jess Whyte is president of the MacWhyte Wire Rope company and he is the inventor of the streamline strut for airplanes. He makes 'em now for the trade. Incidentally, he was an All-American quarterback at Cornell.

+ + +

A. H. HALE, LONG CARMEL RESIDENT, IS DEAD

Carmel lost another old-timer in the death of Alonzo H. Hale, resident for the last 15 years. Mr. Hale died last Friday evening at his home on Lincoln between Ninth and Tenth streets. He was originally from Middle Village, Long Island. He leaves a wife, Mrs. Martha Hale, of Carmel; a sister, Adela Hale, of New Jersey, and three step-children.

Mr. Hale was a plasterer by trade and worked on many buildings on the Monterey Peninsula.

+ + +

Reno caught another Carmel couple last week. Ruby Mae Ladd and Lloyd Paul Mize were married there last Saturday.

WE LOSE OUR NICE GREY HAT BEING POLITE

We've lost our hat. That is, the editor of THE CYMBAL has lost his hat. It was silly the way he did it, but it was a good hat—chances are it is still a good hat—and he'd like to have it back in case you found it. He lost it being polite to a charming lady. And don't make any mistake about the scene or circumstances. It was in front of that funny-faced Ricketts' dairy. The lady stopped at the curb in her automobile. We talked with her through the open window of the car, but as is our custom, inbred from our more careful days, we removed our hat from our head and, rather than hold it, placed it on the top of the lady's car. Then the lady went away—in her automobile and the editor's hat with her. We telephoned her when she got home, but the good hat had blown off en route. It's a grey hat, stitched felt, we believe they call it. We bought it at Imelman's two years ago, but it was good when we bought it and it has stayed good. No reward.

+ + +

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CLANGING CYMBALS

"So you are a mother, too," said Frances Brewer, handing us a special delivery letter last Sunday morning. (Something of a very special delivery it would have taken, if we may say so, to have made us a mother on Sunday morning.) Frances said that of all her list only we and a young bachelor down the street were not mothers. Heavens, we hope she didn't pop in on him on a sunny Sabbath morning and say, "So you are a father, too."

+

Something about the charming little note Helen Vye sent us the other day brought the streets of Paris back to us more piercingly than for years. But Helen has that quality of Paris in May; eager, sophisticate, ready for the bizarre. And thus she called forth in our memory a strange, barely credible night ten years ago this month and the happenings of that night.

We have told this story now and then, quietly, by fires in the evening. There is a quality all but incommunicable to it, we know. Another one of those yarns, too pat, too true, to write.

We had come, of a late afternoon, fresh from the coutourier and Elizabeth Arden, to one of those amorphous great clottings of people loosely designated a Tea. Somewhat tardy, we were shown into the drawing room just as a young man had seated himself at the piano and lifted his hands to play. During the performance, we cannot remember whether the music or the person made the graver, the more startling impression. Not being a musician, it is possible we received a totality of sensual reactions not probable in the more technically critical. At any rate, by the time he had finished, we were very deeply moved indeed.

After the fringes of the crowd had frayed away into the dusk outside, our gang made arrangements to take a bus somewhere and dine. The young pianist was asked to join us. His acceptance was eager, but tentative. To us, who had seen many hungry faces and hungry souls—and also the lean purse—the reason for his reluctance was clear. In those days it was refreshing to find anyone on the Left Bank who hesitated to sponge a meal. So it was only a little awkward suddenly to remember an engagement we had forgotten and take him away to dine with us.

There was nothing very out of the ordinary about young men in Pierre's situation in the twenties of this century. He had escaped from Russia, bringing his frail French mother with him and having to leave her, with his own heart, unshriven in the bottom of a vegetable cart. He was thin and flushed and eighteen. But, unlike too many of them, Pierre burned with a fire unmistakably true. If you could see at all, you could see straight into his flame; and where it was blue it was eucharistic blue; and where it was red it was piteous, piteous red.

His face, it seems, was one of the most absolute experiences we have ever had. White and fine, it had behind it a prismatic play of light, so that when he talked, or looked at you, he was able to manipulate your senses as his gracile hands, now quiet, could manifest music. He spoke of his work as perfection, simply. He was, without doubt, the only human we have known who was, himself, an entelecheia.

When we left him at the metro, it is unlikely that either had any thought of ever seeing the other again. He graciously hoped we would be present at his first concert, and bowed from the waist. We graciously trusted we would, and hailed a taxi.

About a week later, we came home from work at close to midnight one night to find, popping up from the edge of a chair in our sitting room, a young, unmistakably German lad. Quite strange to us. It was, he managed to convey to us in very bad French, that Pierre was having a, what you say? partee. That we would so graciously present ourself, ja? That we would, excusez, if you pleez, Fraülein, dress up. Persons, we understood, would attend.

The fact was, we were leading a rather double life in Paris that year. One piece of us at the Dome, and one at Ciro's, so that we were able to muster something quite nice in seagreen sequins and a little silver wig and a long strand of pearls. Plus that black velvet cape of ours which deserved the immortality a Spanish artist finally achieved for it. Ja, ja, the German boy exclaimed happily.

But no one suggested taxi fare and we walked across Paris on that May night, with the recumbent mist on the plane trees, the plenary scent of flowers in the Luxembourg Gardens, the slow dark figures passing. Out where the Rue de Vaugirard takes its wanton way, across Montparnasse and St. Michel and into a black courtyard where, by this time, we had quite lost our way. We were left alone while our mysterious escort went to fetch us a candle, and this scene is etched upon our memory. A few dim lighted windows; in one, a child's hobby horse, awry against the pane. An old man with a peg leg, clack, clack across the cobbles; a bitter kind of silence, except for the wan voice of a woman barely heard, singing a French lullabye, and the fixed wail of her child.

Once up the dark stairs, we came into the big attic studio. In the middle of the room, lighted by a hundred candles, stood Pierre. Alone, but in a grandeur; so correct; so certain of himself. We found our wrap being taken silently by our now practically invisible escort. We discovered ourself accepting from his servient hand the weightless waft of a champagne glass, instantly cognizant of the indelible transversion of absinthe in it. We found ourself enchanted.

And these, said Pierre, are my friends.

He took us lightly in one palm and presented them, with grace and with what satisfaction! And the old room, under the baton of this sure magnetism, breathed and bloomed and into its emptiness walked a few of the great of the earth. An old Duchess, whose flicked eyebrow in the world of music, broke men and began them. That small gray woman, a Royal Highness, from the console of whose organ only three men had risen in favor; a surly old gentleman who chewed his upper lip when he listened and has since died because of that; a compact little Jew, who had crossed an ocean; Italian fingers, slim and just then beginning to show their slight distortion, as they took the glass.

Of that hour, then what shall we say? Perhaps we should state they were not there, really—but they were so truly there. The champagne, you think—and of course, the little lace of absinthe. Maybe. But we only felt the diffused truth. He had summoned them there out of his need to be confirmed by them, and they had come. To us, the room was surely gorgeous with laughter and bright wit. From a piano far in the corner, the German boy called up music for dancing. We danced. Now we were the Princess Mathilde, a particle old and stiff. Very haughty. We spoke a tongue strange to us, but facilely. Now, we were an old duchess, waddling and shaken with ribald laughs. And now ourself, in joyous means, traversing boards polished with bewitchment, with the fiery joyous boy, whose flushed cheeks looked suddenly and dreadfully tired and whose great dark eyes took candlelight and flung it back at shadows, challengingly. At all shadows. At the men and women whose shadows he had called forth that night, defying their eclipse. The music, accents, laughter, went on. The candles guttered down. And on the face of Pierre a great and perilous flame surged up.

Then, in the role of ranking Princess, we commanded him to play. He led us to a pile of cushions, throne-like beside his piano; he kissed our hand, arranged his tails, touched his forehead with three fingers. And putting his head a little to one side, played.

Excaliber, from his pure and euharmonic sheath, cleft out the dark to make a way for light. Out of the nebula of time, eternity stepped forth and shook her cleaving hair and did a monstrous sarabande, *salut à la foi*. We do not live this puny life so strangely, after all, for mountains leap that we have known would move; and roads are now seen straight that held, before, too tortuous a meaning in their course. We do but breathe, but on this breathing hangs, not Fate, not Life, nor any fearful thing, but clear design and purity of will. With banners flown, we mount these steps of grace, and all the yet unseen horizons flow in this, our splendrous sight, before the Lord.

The music stopped. The hands of a bewildered boy felt fumblingly along the keyboard and, then in a great agony, came down in discord on it. Pierre looked once at his clenched fists; once at the [illegible] empty room, then sank [illegible] knees and buried his face [illegible] and cried.

In the old attic, the glee [illegible]ed on. Some of the candles had gone out; the trace of tears was drying on our cheeks. Pierre's fingers ground unendurably into our sides and over in the shadow, his face obscured, the white hands of the German boy clasped and slowly unclasped. The sobbing ebbed and ebbed until at last it died in a little choking, as a child's who has been given the breast.

Then we knew an awful weight against us. Our self stopped breath. When, at last, we dared reach for those hands, they were already growing cold.

There is a gate not more than a foot across that leads to a side door in the old Church of Saint Germain des Pres. Inside, clasping our hand, the German boy knelt with us while we lighted a candle for the dead. When, a little later, we raised our head, he had already gone silently away.

—Lynda Sargent

June Delight's Pupils Dance On May 22

June Delight's dance pupils will appear in recital at Sunset Auditorium Saturday evening, May 22. Among the features will be a toe dance with 14 pupils on their toes and a Spanish ballet with 28 senoritas balleting. June Delight, herself, will dance several numbers. Those who will take part in the program include:

Madelaine McDonogh, Laurel Birler, Leona Ramsey, Dorothy Nixon, Maxine Laney, Rose and Ruth Funchess, Eileen McEldowney, Eleanor Hart, Billy Pat and Mary Ada Torres, Barbara Mylar, Barbara Moriarty, Yvonne Welsh, Dorothy Black.

Nadine Enider, Louise and Victor Harber, Juanita Baca, Margaret Wishart, Charlotte and Doris May, Kathleen McAulay, Alice Hoyt, Wileen Jones, Sherlie Sousa, Marilyn Draper, Nancie Bragg, Edythe Wright, Jean Turner.

Barbara and Pat Foster, Mary Fleming, Joyce Davis, Carol Classic, Gwen Reed, Jourdine Lyon, Betty Reynolds, Jean Getz, Mildred Jones, Mary Agnes and Carmelita Fortier, Jane Emmons, Catherine Nichols, Carol Jean Elliott.

Bee Miller, Marion Perkins, Dorothy Nybro, Jacqueline DeLorimier, Caroline Conway, Ida Marguerite Brown, Gloria and Monty Hellam, Jack and Charles Gansel, Billy Askew, Jasper Moody, Carol, June Delight and Patsy Canoles.

Barnet Segal, who runs a real estate office, and who hasn't sold a piece of Ocean avenue property for a week or more, is building himself a house, or a cabin, or a shack, or a pen up the valley. Some say it's a 10-room house with three baths and a shower, and some say it's a one-room lean-to with a privy. Probably somewhere in between.

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Who Are Teaching Our Children?

MADELINE CURREY

It would be a bewildering statement to make that during the past two decades America has neither sung nor danced. If the statement needs elaboration for some, we mean by it that the patterns of so-called modern popular songs and contemporary dances lie outside the primary functions of communal song and communal dancing. It means, simply, of course, that until a country has developed its own folk music, its people do not know a personal expression of music at all.

Miss Madeline Currey talked with us—to us—very learnedly on the technic with which she goes about teaching music at Sunset School. Some methods, she said, prohibit the use of the piano altogether. She has learned, however, that, in the first four grades, a piano is an invaluable aid and short-cut to the establishment of true pitch in children. Once they get this fixed, she says, they can thereafter and forever, get on without it. On the other hand, if pitch is not established by that time—a difficult thing to do without the measuring rod of the instrument—it is often hopeless to get it with some of the pupils, at all.

So, at the beginning, she goes to the piano and starts her small people on folk songs. At first they only sing. Gaily, but tentatively, as children do by themselves, finding themselves in this new and fascinating medium of speech. Gradually, however, they develop, under guidance, a consciousness of rhythm, then a feeling for design and, little by little, the line of the melody and the phrasing. By the time they are in the fourth grade, they have not only got their pitch, but they have learned to analyze the pattern of their songs. They have, most important of all, made an emotional and personal approach to music, which is the true broad base upon which to build.

These boys and girls are not do-re-mi-fa slavelets. Miss Currey says she does tell them about the syllables so they won't think them some strange animal. But they learn to read music by acquiring slowly and feelingly a knowledge of intervals. You look at a piece of music and you see a note that is two and a half intervals above another note and shortly you know that interval by sight—and by that means, all similar intervals. The interval work, and the key signatures, are done in the 4th and 5th grades.

After that, of course, the true feeling for song has been released, the old-fashioned shyness about voice has been naturally done away with—indeed, it has never been permitted to exist—and the teacher can then begin to get in some technical training. The "home tones" F for the Key of F—; the use of La for tuning up and the employment of the fixed Do—the European Do. In other words the mechanics of part singing can then be handled with a freedom which has been hitherto smothered in the beginning by the shyness and fear of technical detail.

Miss Currey has a trick which she developed herself which is very interesting to watch. She starts the children out on a song. After a few phrases she raises her hand, at which signal the children must go on silently. When she lowers her hand again they must burst aloud into the song as if they had been singing it aloud right along.

By the time Miss Currey's young men and women have reached the upper grades, they can be given a songbook and they can—and will—sing.

As we started to say a while back, we in America do not know how to sing and dance. It seems to us there are legitimate unrestraints, and that among these the expression of our energies in song and dance should be the best. In true folk song and real folk dancing. But even if we are a lost and unregenerate age, this work is going forward over at Sunset School.

—L. S.

+ + +

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

The Parent-Teacher summer round-up for new students will be held on Friday, May 21, from 1 to 2 o'clock, instead of May 22, as printed in last week's CYMBAL. Parents are urged to get in touch with Mrs. Ernest Morehouse, chairman of the round-up. This activity of the P-T. A. is a physical examination to enable all children to enter the school in the best possible physical condition. There is no charge, as professional services are donated, each year by local physicians. Dr. Joseph B. McCarthy will take charge and will be assisted by the school nurse, Mrs. Pearl Atter. The round-up will be in the school gymnasium.

+

Sunset School lightweight track team took third place at the Salinas Y.M.C.A. track meet last Saturday. The boys were under the supervision of Coach Tony Lugone and the team included Donald Berry, Bill Coffin, Orville Jones, Robert Gargiulo and Gordy Miyamoto. The boys brought home a stunning, white satin ribbon, now hanging on the bulletin board in the office, as proof of their prowess.

+

As we go to press (Thursday afternoon) the boys' baseball team is battling for an unusual place in the Peninsula Grammar School League. By this time you will know the final score and if Sunset wins the game from Walter Colton, it will be in a triple tie for first place in the League, the three teams including Pacific Grove, Walter Colton and Sunset. If wishes were horses we'd all take a ride!

+

The Monterey Union High School Band and Orchestra will give a concert at Sunset Auditorium this evening at 8 o'clock.

+ + +

Miss Jean Clark, one of the many Paul Flanders' nieces, and her friend, Betty Churchill, will be down this week-end for a visit at Outland.

Anikeyev Print To Be Shown At Paris Fair

Carmel's Federal Art Project will be represented in the Paris Exposition opening this month. Chosen to go along with the 300 items which are being sent from California projects, is a photographic study by Sybil Anikeyev.

The California contributions to the Fine Arts Building at the Exposition will include photographs, lithographs, water colors and a few oil paintings. The United States Federal Art Project exhibit will cover more space than any other single group in the building. Prof. Worth Ryder of the University of California Art Department has been selected to speak on the Art Projects before the International Art Congress which will meet in Paris this summer. California has the second largest state project in the union.

Three other photographers, well known to Carmel, who are on projects in other cities and will also be in the group, are Sonia Noskowiak, Brett Weston and Nacio Bravo.

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ADOBE HOUSE BEING BUILT FOR E. M. SEIFERT, JR.

You have probably noticed, as you drove up Santa Lucia for a view of the Mission across the flowered fields, the adobe house being constructed by Hugh Comstock at Mission street. Interesting, isn't it? We told you about it, or, rather, Lynda Sargent told you about Comstock and his adobe-brick-making up the valley, in THE CYMBAL a few weeks ago. And then last week, also in THE CYMBAL, you saw the very attractive ad on adobe brick as building material—an ad, by the way, which was drawn in Comstock's office under the direction of John Neikirk.

Well, the house we have referred to, and which you have probably noticed in the building, is for E. M. Seifert, Jr., a Salinas lettuce man, whose permanent home has been in Los Angeles but which will be, when this house is finished, right here on the borderline of Carmel in By Ford's Mission Tract. The Seiferts have been living for a time in the Johnson-Field house on The Point.

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RAMON NAVARRO GUEST OF NOEL SULLIVAN HERE

We hear that Ramon Navarro, who was a guest of Noel Sullivan over last week-end, drove out to the Marion Meredith Tea Room last Sunday afternoon and liked it so well that he came again in the evening. Navarro was very enthusiastic about the Carmel Crafts Center and was particularly interested in the proposed Little Theater which will be created out of an old barn on the place, and also in the House of the Dancing Doll where John and Mitzi have shown him the Marion Meredith Marionettes . . . mmmmmm!

+ + +

How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? $1.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

We had a very interesting interview the other day with Kid Mora who is staying at the Burgdorff studio now that his former family, the Jo Moras, are away. Kid, like Chico, is really a "very remarkable fellow"—but we will let him tell you about it in his own words:

"I'm Kid Mora. I am a bird dog. When I was a little fellow, left as a waif by the road-side, at the Salinas bridge, the kind lady in the big auto who picked me up couldn't tell what I would grow up to be. But since she loved dogs, it didn't matter to her. She showed me in a very short time that I was among friends and I soon forgot my fear of humans and taught myself to be a very active watch dog. And little by little I grew up to look like the regular run of my kind; white hair with black and some brown spots. I am very affectionate towards people and towards most dogs but when any dog gets snooty and asks me who my mother or father may have been—why there's a fight on and I don't get the worst of it either.

"And do I love to chase birds? Why I'm so good at it that when I swim out into the ocean after a sea-gull and almost get him—why he dives down into the water, not sporty at all, that sea-gull crowd. As for rabbits, why I'm just a swell at getting them, of course I mean the little bunnies, after someone pulls aside the logs under which bunnies hide.

"And do I know the country around Carmel? Every foot of it! Why I have traveled all over the country in the company of my boss and his horse. I'd travel five times as far as they would because there were so many places I'd have to investigate with my nose.

"I tolerate other dogs and even bring a friendless hungry fellow home once in a while but I do like my boss so very much that I have no desire to run away or seek other company, and I try my very best to tell my human friends that I love them. I wonder if they understand my language? They do seem so stupid at times.

"But, even so, no matter how stupid humans can be, I just do love to lavish all of my affection upon them and say—let me tell you—I'd die for them, that's the kind of a dog that I am!"

—KID MORA

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A dark and handsome Frenchman, Monsieur Paname, is the cause of all the heart-flutters among the village maids. His name, "Paname," is *Montmartre* slang for "Paris," as irritating to Parisiennes as "Frisco" is to Californians. Monsieur, who speaks only French, is here with his very charming master, Count de Jordy. The fascinating young fellow is quite a Beau Brummel, his coat the latest cut from the Rue de la Paix.

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Like his fellow countryman, the old fashioned Chinese cook, Hong Gaylord runs the household. He demands that his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Gaylord, take him for a ride every day. He is a chow and is exceedingly proud of his thick, shaggy coat which makes him look like a little red bear. "Just the thing to wear on cold, foggy days," says Hong.

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Though Skipper Itchfield is just about kindergarten age, he has aspirations of becoming a Navy man like his master, Lieut. John Chitwood. The Skipper, who is known to his intimates as Poodle Plus (his ancestry is somewhat obscure), is already training under the guidance of Mr. Gaddam, the German shepherd who lives next door.

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How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? $1.

TELEPHONE CARMEL 167
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MODERN OR ANTIQUE
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We guarantee satisfaction and our prices are right
OLIVER'S
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CARMEL

IN THE HEART OF CARMEL
GEOGRAPHICALLY AND—
Whitney's
Breakfast · Lunch · Dinner
AN UNUSUALLY ATTRACTIVE TAP ROOM

Building Permits Total $12,646 To May 14

Building permits for the first 13 days of May total $12,646 which is not as high as for the same period last month, but still show some increase over last year. Birney W. Adams, building inspector, believes that the next two months will have comparatively few new contracts for the reason that builders and contractors in Carmel are all signed up for the next three months and some even as far ahead as next November. Unless other contractors come in town, and we sincerely hope they won't, you just will not be able to put up that new guest house until September.

Contracts issued so far this month include:

John P. Gilbert, additions and alterations at Torres and Tenth, $1,000. Day labor.

E. L. Snyder, one-story cottage and guest cabin at Casanova between Twelfth and Thirteenth, $3,515. J. Williams, builder.

T. A. Tanous, remodel and additions at San Carlos and First, $1,231. J. Williams, builder.

Marian Turner, one-story cottage at Junipero and Seventh, $2,800. G. A. Good, builder.

Mabel Corey, one-story frame house at Santa Fe and Eighth, $3,700. H. Comstock, builder.

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TONY THE TAXI TENDER AGHAST AT AD ABSENCE

Last week Tony sat in his easy chair counting flies. The taxi business seemed to have dropped off. He wondered why, but went on counting flies. Then, suddenly, he snatched the current issue of THE CYMBAL. He looked from page to page—scanned page after page. No Greyhound taxi ad. When we answered the telephone Tony was in pretty bad shape. He wanted to know and he wanted to know bad. What happened? We explained what happened. We forgot to pick up the ad. He had ordered its renewal and we slipped up on it. We promised Tony we'd write this to explain to the world generally why his ad didn't appear in last week's paper. It probably never will happen again as long as we live—and that's going to be long.

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BETSY BOSWORTH AND JOKER DROP IN FROM DAVIS

Betsy Bosworth, with Joker, that massive Shepherd dog of hers, came down over last week-end from Davis to see her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Bosworth. Betsy is all excited about getting some nice ranch where it is hot, and raising horses and cattle. She has been studying animal husbandry at Davis.

The wandering member of the Bosworth clan, Abbie Lou, spent from a week ago Tuesday to last Monday trying to see some friends off on the *China Clipper*. Abbie Lou was there and the friends were there and the *Clipper* was there but the weather man said, "No go," so they all had to sit around and amuse themselves otherwise. How does a *Clipper* amuse itself?

EL FUMADOR
MAGAZINES
NEWSPAPERS
Complete Line of
Sutliff's Pipes • Tobaccos
•
Featuring the famous
La Corona Cigars
Dolores near Seventh

Normandy Apartments Earn Plaudits For Bob and Virginia Stanton

We had just inspected the brand new room-and-bath-and-kitchenette arrangements in the Normandy Apartments at Ocean avenue and Monte Verde, and were still in a daze wondering how so many different color schemes could all be so nearly equally attractive when Mr. Stanton remarked casually: "There are no drapes in the whole place." Now that we think back we can recall there was a hint of glee in his eye as he said it but we were too startled at the time to notice it. You see, these are *furnished* apartments, quite thoroughly furnished, in fact, with the most delightful, fresh, comfortable and yet modern living necessities.

To be strictly accurate, the andirons hadn't arrived and Mrs. Stanton explained that she still had to round up the cigarette boxes and other odds and ends, but there was everything else! But no drapes. The windows all have ingenious shutters that fold and slide back—and believe it or not, you don't miss drapes and the rooms don't need them any more than a cat needs two tails. Perhaps we put a little too much emphasis on this but to us, who had just finished struggling with the washing, ironing and rehanging of some bulky drapes in our own living-room, it seemed not only an unusual, but altogether a most desirable state of affairs.

Each apartment has a good-sized living-room with a fireplace ornamented with a row of old imported tiles, maple furniture of the simple style which is so easy to live with, and two real beds with Beautyrest mattresses, an enormous clothes closet, a built-in combination dressing table and bureau, a shining bathroom, and a kitchenette that contains the latest model electric range and refrigerator and a monel metal sink, with cupboards above and below stocked with dishes and utensils. A broom and a mop, one with green handle, one with yellow, hang on the wall as if their only purpose in life were to be ornamental.

The beds may be technically in the living-room, but they are set back in alcoves and when you turn your face to the wall you are to all intents and purposes in a different room—a bedroom papered with some of the gayest, most fascinating figured paper ever designed. Each living-room has its two alcoves thus papered in colors that harmonize with the general color scheme, and you simply have to see them to get the charmingly cheerful effect. The bedsteads were designed especially for these apartments; they are oak in a finish that matches the maple of the chairs and tables. You don't have to have had experience as a Pullman porter to make them, either, because they slide out into the room so easily. In the daytime, with their solid color, tufted spreads and three big pillows against the wall, they turn into comfortable couch seats . . .

We had to make rather a rush job of looking at the apartments and having a practical rather than an artistic soul we feel better qualified to talk about the more prosaic utility features, but the lovely riot of colors which Mrs. Stanton has chosen so carefully, different in each apartment, remains a gay and delightful impression in our memory.

—D. C.

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DR. JOHN MEEHAN DREAMS OF DESIGNING CHURCH

The Rev. John Meehan and Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cameron drove down from San Francisco Thursday and are returning tomorrow. Dr. Meehan is connected with the Monterey Guild, a group of artists and craftsmen on the Peninsula who devote their time to liturgical art. He is very much interested in esthetic representations of church symbols and would like to build his own church and design everything in it. Judging by some pictures we saw of some of Dr. Meehan's designs, that future church would be one of the most beautiful in the country. The Camerons are musicians of note in the Bay Region. Mr. Cameron is a singer and has done a great deal of church and radio work as well as teaching. Mrs. Cameron plays the piano and organ.

Mr. and Mrs. James Witkowsky, who have been staying at Pine Inn for the last few months, left yesterday for their home in Chicago. Mr. Witkowsky spent much of his time here painting. They plan to stop in San Francisco for a few days.

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Anne Greene will be home tomorrow or perhaps we had better say, is expected home, as you can never tell about these busses. Anne has been in New York since last fall studying music, working at all sorts of jobs, and having herself a grand time.

How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? $1.

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PINE VIEW NURSERY
Bedding Plants and Shrubs
PELARGONIUMS
Fine Variety
David Ave. & Presidio Blvd.
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THE BLUE BIRD
BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON • DINNER
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AT
Mrs. Van's Dry Cleaning Service
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. . . and you will be surprised how well and how reasonably. MENDING DONE FREE

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Spring Apparel Reductions
1-4 OFF
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MAE REIDY SHOP
TELEPHONE 1242 • 266 MAIN STREET
SALINAS

NO MORE
BALD-HEADED MEN IN CARMEL
•
Paul Mercurio has made this possible!
•
THE CROSLEY
Xervac
HAS PROVED THAT IT CAN GROW HAIR
•
Come in for a demonstration
•
More than a dozen Carmel men have signed for treatment already
Paul's Barber Shop
NEXT TO LIBRARY

Red Cross Fund For Ambulance Needs Boost

At a meeting of the ambulance committee of Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, this week, it was disclosed that a fully equipped ambulance to meet the needs of Carmel could be purchased for the sum of $1800. This fund is being sponsored by Carmel Chapter at the request of a number of Carmel citizens. The fund has started by the subscription of two generous women amounting to $600. The Bank of Carmel and the Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank have been designated as fund depositories and the Red Cross will also receive subscriptions either by mail or in person.

It is proposed to place the ambulance in the new fire house and under the supervision of the rescue squad of the fire department, twelve members of the squad already possessing Red Cross first aid certificates. The ambulance would be fully equipped for invalid cases, as well as for all types of accident cases.

Full cooperation of the medical staff of Peninsula Community Hospital is promised and the ambulance will be installed for community use.

Highway first-aid stations are being installed by American Red Cross throughout the country. The first one under the direction of the Chapter is now in operation at the fire house. Shortly one will be established at Big Sur and another up the Carmel Valley.

As members of Red Cross Ambulance Committee, J. L. Cockburn and H. S. Crossman urge that subscriptions to the fund be made as soon as possible.

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OLD CABIN INN RE-OPENS TOMORROW NIGHT

Old Cabin Inn is to re-open tomorrow. Mrs. Edith Larson so informs us, by news note and ad. She also says that as far as the first, or opening dinner is concerned, the opening announcement is to be ignored by the general public—since reservations for tomorrow night have taken all the tables available.

Mrs. Larson, well known on the Peninsula, will have charge in the kitchen of what was the first tea room to open in Carmel and which stands, as a consequence, right at the head of what has ever been known as "Professors' Row"—on Camino Real, just south of Ocean avenue.

One of Mrs. Larson's specialties is Swedish cooking—something that is spelled like *Smorgasbord* will be the *piece de resistance* tomorrow night. Mrs. Larson once ran a very successful place in New York, called "A Bit of Sweden."

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Jane Caldwell and Jean Seville drove down from Berkeley after their last finals on Thursday for a few days of sun-soaking on the beach and a relief from pen and pencil. Jane is staying with her sister, Mrs. Remo Scardigli in Pacific Grove and Jean is visiting with her grandmother in Carmel.

THERE'S NO DRINK WE CAN'T MIX...

JESS'

and none we mix you won't like

424 Alvarado Street
Elk's Building in
Uptown Monterey

We Asked Sydney Clark a Question And Just Look What We Got!

Dear CYMBAL:

I'll recount the story of my life in words of one syllable and you can add such syllables as seem appropriate to you. So then—here goes:

I got the travel bug early, making my first trip abroad with my parents when I was six. My sole memory of this affair is acquiring the nickname, "du kleiner Bengel," in Germany and having to lug it with me wherever I went for years. Subsequently I had four more long wanderings abroad with my father and mother, as my father, a clergyman, had a great many speaking engagements in different European cities.

I went to Dartmouth College, being graduated with the class of 1912 which this year (I can't believe it), is celebrating its Big Twenty-fifth. I was on the editorial board of the *Dartmouth Literary Magazine* and wrote some of the callowest unwhiskered stories that ever found their way into print.

The first year after college I went abroad again with my parents and this time collaborated with my father on a book called "The Charm of Scandinavia" which Little, Brown & Co. of Boston published in 1913. My part of it was pretty bad, thank you, but my father's name carried it.

I taught school (history and English) for three years in the Hill School of Pennsylvania and the Country Day School of Kansas City, Missouri. The last year in Kansas City I had my newly-acquired wife with me, the same one you know. We had been married in Massachusetts in 1916.

Two children came, Jacqueline and Donald, whom you likewise know, and father felt that it was high time he made some money, so he got into the real estate business in Boston. It was business property and I liked it and stayed with it for ten years and got ahead. We built a home in Waban, Mass., a suburb of Boston, which home we still own, though we haven't lived in it since 1928.

Always I wanted to write but didn't like the thought of a garret and a guttering candle and starving dependents. By 1928 I was so well ahead that I broke loose, having a wife whose sportsmanship endorsed such a break. Neither of us foresaw the depression and I believe there were a few others in the United States who did not foresee it.

Well—we had already taken a preliminary fling in 1924 with a year in Rio de Janeiro, followed by some months in France with the family, during all of which time I wrote short stories, selling about a third of them through a New York agent. The 1928 break was final and we have stayed with it ever since—even through the darkest years of 1932 and 1933. I began writing travel books and tied up with Robert M. McBride & Co. in New York. These publishers have now brought out sixteen of my books and twelve have been republished by Ivor Nicholson & Watson, Ltd. in London. The longer books, if you want the titles, are "Old Glamors of New Austria"; "Many-Colored Belgium"; "Cathedral France"; "Cuban Tapestry." In addition to this there is the Fifty Dollar Series of glorified guidebooks. (France on Fifty Dollars; England on Fifty Dollars; etc., etc.) These books, now covering twelve different countries, have attempted to give the maximum information necessary to travel of a thrifty sort, with the minimum of boredom, and then have blossomed into some fifteen chapters apiece of informal knocking around, with a good time the keynote and museums held strictly in leash. This whole series has been brought out in London where it appears as the Ten Pound Series. It sells about five times as well in England as in the U.S.A., which is natural as all the countries concerned are relatively in England's front yard.

In connection with writing the series I have lived abroad with the family for about six of the last nine years. The children went to school for four years in Brussels and Paris, where they acquired the easy seagoing French which is their daily and regular medium of conversation and astonishes those who overhear it in subway cars and busses. The children sink their voices to a mere mutter as they'd almost as soon be shot as be overheard speaking French but sometimes excitement causes them to forget this caution.

I wrote about half of my books in Paris cafés and we were all in that city when the big riots of 1933 broke out. It was exciting, I assure you, but this is not an adventure story.

My wife has been my secretary, editor and typist on all my books and has been a veritable lifesaver in dark times, though this isn't meant to pin a bouquet on her bosom, as she objects to public bouquets.

We have been in Carmel for the purpose of preparing a book on California. It is now in the publisher's hands and will be brought out next fall, I believe (McBride). It is about 100,000 words in length and covers the whole state, though obviously not in any profound way. Nor is it a guidebook. It is a general study of the spice of life in California, with its background so utterly different (and more enjoyable) from my New England background. Jacqueline, as you know, has done six picture maps and a map endpaper for the book. Its title is "Golden Tapestry of California."

I picked Carmel because no other place seemed possible after I had seen this. I was here in California for several weeks last spring and went everywhere. A visit to Del Monte, whose corporation hospitably showed me the peninsula, left me with a free Sunday afternoon and I snuck over here alone and fell plumb in love with the place. It just ate me up and I knew nothing else would do for my family and me. I let Carmel into my personal hall of travel fame, along with Rio, Chamonix, Merok, Mûrren—and that's about all.

As to other activities of mine in a literary line (you must be bored cold) I've written millions, well hundreds anyway, of travel articles, ghosted two books for Marthe McKenna of Belgium, who was the spy of "I Was A Spy"; wrote a centennial book for the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, called "The First Hundred Years." And I guess that's enough to record. Most of these details are in "Who's Who" but I don't consider myself very who's whoism as that book is now practically a directory of the United States.

I'm sailing for France on the *Europa* from New York June 19. The purpose is to get material for new books for my series—on Austria, Finland and Ireland. I've been urged to do this by the London publisher, though these countries will not sell particularly well in the United States. McBride will, however, publish them also in New York. I may add Hungary, too.

I'm meeting my brother and nephew in Cherbourg and we three will Buick all over Austria, Switzerland, and Northern Italy. After that I shall sink my teeth into my job. I shall fly hither and yon as the guest of the K.L.M. Air Lines of Holland, who have recently written to me, offering me their courtesies. They have been most chummy since my visits to Holland and my book on that country.

Plans beyond this summer are vague. My family may or may not join me in France. But whatever happens Carmel will always remain a Pacific home to this Atlantic family, whenever we find ourselves in California.

"Strandhurst" —SYDNEY CLARK
Carmel, May 10, 1937

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How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? $1.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

AFTER MAY 15TH DR. FRANCIS V. RANDOL WILL BE LOCATED IN OFFICES IN THE LA GIRALDA BUILDING, DOLORES & SEVENTH, OVER THE DOLORES PHARMACY FOR THE PRACTICE OF GENERAL DENTISTRY AND ORTHODONTIA

Telephone 1058

JUNE DELIGHT'S
PUPILS IN
DANCE RECITAL
SATURDAY, MAY 22, 8 P.M.
SUNSET AUDITORIUM

Special features:
Toe Ballet and Spanish Ballet
Also Tap, Character, and Musical Comedy

Tickets 40¢ - Children 15¢

ON SALE
Carmel Art & Gift Shop — Carmel Theatre Bldg.
Palace Music Company — Monterey, Calif.

Have you seen MR. DE PACKH *doing his*
LOVELY HAND CARVINGS
in the window of
MRS. CAROL EDWARDS'
ART AND GIFT SHOP
CARMEL THEATRE BUILDING
+
Mrs. Edwards has a new shipment of
ANTIQUE GLASS & CHINA - MEXICAN GLASS & POTTERY
ANTIQUE BED SPREADS THAT ARE DIFFERENT
Paintings by some of Carmel's finest artists

Announcing...
the reopening
of

OLD CABIN INN
EL CAMINO REAL & OCEAN AVENUE
at the head of
"Professors' Row"
TELEPHONE 170

SATURDAY ★ MAY 18

BREAKFASTS AND DINNERS

But we're sorry, all tables have been reserved in advance for the opening dinner. Mrs. E. Larson

Just in Case... YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco.

Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or ⅔ of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1245. Business licenses, 252.

Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department —Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Earl Wermuth, Roy Fraties, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of $3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of $3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

The Federal Art Gallery is on the Seven Arts Court, Lincoln street, just south of Ocean avenue.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 750. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m., Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carel Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 weekdays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Ocean avenue next to library. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:50, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. Northbound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:53 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:53 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: Northbound, 7:50 a. m.; south-bound, 9 a. m.; north and south, 9:40 a. m.; north, 1:05 p. m.; north, 4 p. m.; north and south, 6:51 p. m.; south, 10 p. m.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, 8:55 a. m.; north and south, 11:10 a. m.; north, 12:09 p. m.; north, 3 p. m.; north and south, 6:58 p. m.; north and south, 7:55 p. m.; south, 9:20 p. m.; north, 11:30 p.m.

Business Directory

Ladies' Sport Dresses & Coats
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Dolores St. next to P. G. & E.

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CARMEL GIVES $140 FOR WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL FUND

When Carmel people decide to do something, they don't mess around, according to Leo Lyons, manager of the Carmel Theatre. He was asked by his theatre management to announce to Carmel audiences that collections would be taken in the theatre for the Will Rogers Memorial Fund. Lyons decided against any solicitation by ushers, as mentioned in the screen appeal which was run, but told the audiences for the seven evenings that there was a box in the lobby where contributions could be put. In seven nights Carmel gave the sum of $140.11 toward the Will Rogers fund!

\+ + +

McGAW-KNOX TO PRESENT 'JANE EYRE' TOMORROW

The last item in the fine series of play presentations by Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox will take place tomorrow night at the Golden Bough Green Room on Casanova street. The two artists will present "Jane Eyre," Helen Jerome's dramatization of the Charlotte Bronte classic. The capacity of the house is almost fully taken by subscribers to the series, but a few tickets will be available at the door. Advance reservations may be made through Miss Laura Dierssen at her home in Carmel.

\+ + +

Funeral services were held last Tuesday for Ruth Saldana, little two-and-a-half-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ignacio Saldana of Carmel Valley. The child died after an illness of five months. Funeral services were conducted at the T. A. Dorney parlor and burial was at the Monterey Cemetery.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Five cents a line for one insertion. Four cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Fifteen cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

$3,500 for a two-bedroom house, 1 lot. Beautiful view. South of Ocean Avenue. Excellent value for quick sale.
GLADYS KINGSLAND DIXON
Ocean Avenue Phone 940

CREE WILDER of A. D. H. fame is surely going to town with the plumbing and central heating systems on the two architectural gems Henry Gutterson created for Hatton Fields Mesa—Why don't you come out and see them? Joe Bush. 20

FOR SALE—two bedroom house, completely furnished, centrally located. South of Ocean, sleeps five people. $3,600. Also smaller cottage, 1 bedroom, $2,750, completely furnished. First time on the market. See GLADYS R. JOHNSTON, Real Estate, Ocean and Lincoln. 20

LOT ON GUADALUPE near Ocean. Owner would sacrifice for $400 for quick sale. Also, small attractive cottage and 2 lots on Lincoln two blocks from Ocean, $2600. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON, Real Estate, Ocean and Lincoln. 20

TWO PRIZE DWELLINGS—Extra heavy foundations—Copper piping—Oversize systems—Central thermostatically controlled gas furnace—Air conditioner—Copper flashings—Marvelous Views! Hatton Fields Mesa. 20

CARMEL VALLEY houses for sale and for rent, furnished and unfurnished. Re-sale of choice building sites. Acreage and ranches. MRS. L. A. SHIPLEY, Robles Del Rio. Tel. 6-J-3. 23

FOR SALE—SIX-ROOM STUCCO HOUSE IN CARMEL. THREE BEDROOMS, TWO BATHS, BIG LIVING ROOM. NICE LOT WITH LAWN, FLOWERS AND SHRUBS. ONLY ONE BLOCK FROM THE OCEAN. DRAWER K, CARMEL.

WHEN YOU SEE Nielson, don't think of Real Estate, but when you think about Real Estate see N. J. Nielson Co., 2439 La Cienega, Los Angeles, where Venice, La Cienega and Adams meet. New houses only, $495 down. If interested in Los Angeles, be sure to see Nielson. Listen to KMTR, station 90, 557 kilocycles, every Wednesday night at 10:30.

FOR SALE—Two-bedroom house with five lots. Forty large trees. About three blocks from center of town. A good buy. Apply Fourth and Torres streets, Carmel. 1m

REAL ESTATE WANTED

WANTED TO BUY a two-bedroom house with garage. Preferably under $2,000. State terms and location. No dealers. Address Box L-2, Cymbal.

HOUSES TO RENT

ROBLES DEL RIO. For rent for June, cottage of 3 rooms and bath, near Inn. $45. Address Box L-5, Cymbal Office. 23

FOR RENT or For Sale—House in Carmel Woods. Unobstructed view of Point Lobos and ocean. Four bedrooms, two baths. Double garage. Apply Fourth and Torres or telephone Carmel 1090.

PLACE TO LIVE WANTED

A REALLY VERY NICE business woman wants a small apartment or single cottage by June 1. She would be a permanent tenant. Telephone 697-J evenings.

FOOD

FRESH EGGS, Chickens and Vegetables, daily from our Marina Ranch. SUN DECK POULTRY MARKET. Mr. and Mrs. Barbier. Seventh Street, opposite Railway Express. Telephone 649. 22

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FOR GOOD BUYS in Musical Instruments, Pianos and Radios, see the MUSICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 523 S. Main Street, Salinas. Phone Salinas 1095. tf

HORSES

TWO GOOD SADDLE HORSES For Sale. Suitable for women or children. A bargain. K. D. Mathiot. Tel. 9-R-2. 20

MASSAGE

BODY MASSAGE. European. At your home or PETER PAN COURT. Tel. 166-J. 23

MISCELLANEOUS

BRIDGE LESSONS. Culbertson system. Make appointment by telephoning Carmel 1165. Marion Karr.

How about sending THE CYMBAL to a friend for a year? $1.

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Laundry Work
AT
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We want you to try our Laundry during Clean-Up and Paint-Up time. We guarantee that only the finest and purest of soaps are used . . . your colored garments are kept bright and unfaded . . . your woolens and silks washed by hand. Telephone and ask us for details as to the various kinds of services—starched, rough dry, etc.

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BARNET J. SEGAL
OCEAN AVENUE NEXT TO THE POST OFFICE BUILDING
Telephone Carmel 63

P.-T. A. Carnival At Sunset School Is Where You're Going Today

(Continued from Page One)

torium, starring Dickie Dixon, By Ford, Ruth Austin, Miriam Watson and June Delight. Oh, and have we forgotten to mention the trained seals which H. W. Winton is bringing to the school and pony rides for anyone the pony can carry?

Classes have joined together for a lot more of the attractions which include: a Primary Circus under Mrs. Edna C. Lockwood, Hope Thomas, Bernice Riley; Musical Skits and dancing in the Auditorium, directed by Madeline Currey and Mrs. Frances Johnson; a freak show in the Fifth grade room under Alice Graham and Mrs. Helen Wood; Sketches supervised by Ruth Smith; Clowns organized by Helen Newmark; Hot Dogs which will be leashed by Arthur Hull, eighth grade teacher; and pop booth under R. J. Gale.

The booths have been constructed by Ernest Calley and M. J. Murphy. The tickets will be in charge of Mrs. Bernita Ninneman, Mrs. Edna C. Lockwood, Mrs. Lilly C. Trowbridge, Mrs. Frances Farley and Mrs. Ann Uzzell. W. S. Frolli has control of the loud speaker, and Franklin Dixon will be stage manager and timer for the shows.

Douglas School Notes

Douglas School Senior Girls Polo Team has returned home from a week-end trip where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Downey and Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Cutter of Sacramento. Members of the team are: No. 1, Francis Topping of Sacramento and Carmel; No. 2, Gertrude Brawner of Pasadena; No. 3, Phyllis Havenstrite of Hollywood; No. 4, Barbara Ames of Beverly Hills.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scoville, Jr., of San Marino, California, spent the week-end at Del Monte so they could visit their sons, Jim and Jeff Scoville, who are attending the Douglas School for Boys at Pebble Beach.

+

At Sacramento the girls' polo team won the United States Woman's Polo Association Junior Championship.

Members of the senior team of the Douglas School won three matches in northern tournament. Teams competing in the tournament were Pogonip of Santa Cruz, Berkeley, San Jose, Sacramento Blues, Sacramento Reds, Chukketeer Reds and Chukketeer Blues.

+ + +

GIRL SCOUTS SURPRISE BUSINESS WOMEN AT DEL MONTE POOL

The Carmel Girl Scouts, who were getting their swimming badges last Saturday at the Del Monte pool, were a rather mystifying sight to members of the Business and Professional Women's Clubs in conference at the hotel.

One of the requirements for the merit badge is to jump into a pool fully clothed and remove the clothing while "treading water." Of course they all had bathing suits underneath but there is no requirement about wearing your own clothes or any that might be hurt by the dousing. Imagine the surprise of the convention ladies when they saw some little girl dressed in clothes, much too big for her, throw herself dramatically into the pool and then take all the clothes off. They must have been "shocked, surprised, grieved and mortified without having their imaginations stretched beyond recognition" as our mother used to say.

+ + +

STOVE PIPE HALL GANG WILL GAMBOL ON OUR BEACH

The Stove Pipe Hall gang is gathering again tonight. This time on the beach with a no-host barbecue or picnic or what have you. Janie Otto has arranged to bring a heaping pot of baked beans for the crowd and everyone will chip in to pay for it.

Studio activities, as well as social, have started at the Hall which was, and is, though much improved, just a little shack to the rear of the Carmel Art Association Gallery on north Dolores street. A group gathered there last Monday evening to do some portrait work. Volunteer models will keep the class going for some time and there is a possibility that professional models may be obtained at a future date with members sharing the expense. Anyone interested in doing some practice portrait work from a model may attend. Meetings are Monday evenings from 7:30 to 9:30 and Wednesday afternoons from 2 to 5 o'clock.

+ + +

PAUL MERCURIO IS GOING TO REVOLUTIONIZE SCALPS

It actually works—that contraption Paul Mercurio has acquired for growing hair. We know it works. We know a certain peninsula editor on whose head it has worked, is working and probably will continue to work until he looks like Absalom. It's a funny-looking contraption, but it is getting acclaim all over the country. They discovered its hair-growing propensities while using it to stimulate circulation in frozen arms and legs up in the north. Wherever it was applied the hair came in thick and fast. We mention it, not as an ad, but a revelation. Paul Mercurio's going to make Carmel bald-headed men break the teeth on combs.

Personalities & Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Flaherty of house on Dolores and Fifth streets. The young couple plan to move in May 18. Mrs. Flaherty was Dorothy Rifenbark, daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Mark A. Rifenbark of Trinity Church, San Jose. Flaherty is coming to the Peninsula to take a position with the Union Oil Company in Monterey.

+

Amelie Waldo drove up to San Francisco last week-end and had herself a grand time. She spent a couple of hours with Ben Bufano and "Pete" Sears looking at the work being done by the San Francisco Federal Art Project. Sort of busman's holiday for Amelie, but she says there is a lot of interesting work being done there.

+

Anne Cameron, short story writer, who has published a great many stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is enjoying a month's vacation and inspiration at Highlands Inn.

+

Among the go-aways noted last week were Frank, Marjorie and the two small Lloyds bound for Santa Cruz, where Frank has taken a job for the next six months. The Lloyd chariot was piled so high that the occupants consisted of pairs of waving arms bidding farewell to all and sundry who walked the streets last Monday.

+

Last Friday, Henry Dickinson, Amelie Waldo and Helen Newmark made an interesting procession, San Francisco bound, dragging a trailer behind them. We wonder if they were stopped by one of the eagle-eyed members of Carmel's police force as we were the other night when we carried a plywood board out of Carmel. The policeman was very nice about it but he thought we might have been guilty of looting—with our loot hanging all over the car.

+

Mrs. John Albee, who was program chairman on the district board of the Los Angeles Business and Professional Women's Club before she came to Carmel, entertained a group of old friends at her home last week-end while the club convention was being held at Del Monte hotel. Her guests included Elsie Miller, Fannie Meyer, Georgia Shropshire, Lou Miller, Myrtle Boswell, Minnie Parks, Jo Hopkins, and Marjory Davies, all of whom are active in Club affairs.

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Marion Sanchez says her cat has three kittens. Two of them are gray and the third a black and tan or something. We suggested the names: Wynken, Blynken and Nod, but we don't know whether they answer to them or not.

+

Dr. and Mrs. D. J. Rusicka are staying at Pine Inn for a short vacation. Dr. Rusicka and William Alexander Alcock, who is also stopping at the Inn, are internationally known amateur photographers, and have been enjoying some of the "perfect shots" around the Peninsula.

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Mrs. Fern Hyde and her daughter, Betty, will return to Carmel the first week in June. The Hydes have been spending the winter in New York.

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Happy Whyte and Ann Walcott have a year's lease to prove they will stay in the village. They have taken a house on San Carlos between Eleventh and Twelfth.

+

Colonel and Mrs. Edward Seeley-Smith left Wednesday for The Cronya Farm near London, Ontario. They will stay there for a few weeks and then go to Woodstock, New York, for the summer months. The Seeley-Smiths were entertained by their many friends in Carmel before their departure.

+

Clay Otto's mother, Mrs. Mary Renfrew Otto, of Burlington, Idaho, arrived in Carmel Monday. She is visiting with Clay and Janie and especially her grandson, Kenneth.

+

The tentative date for the Carmel Music Society's annual jinx has been set at May 24. Members of the Society met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Wurzmann Wednesday to outline the plans.

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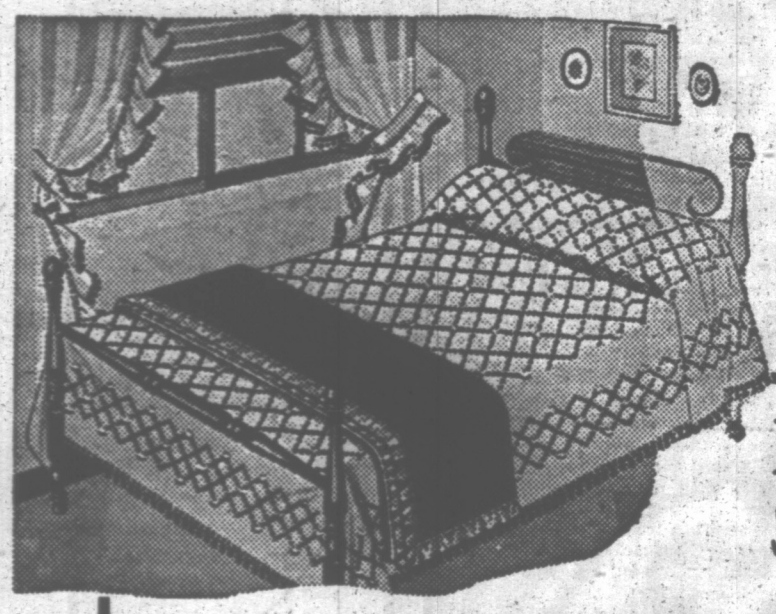

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